



# Supernatural



62 3 13

## Chapter 1 by Tori Clifton

I never believed in ghosts, vampires, werewolves, or anything thing like that. I just thought they were made up characters to scare children. Now, I don't know what to think. Two men just broke into my house, saving me from what I believe was a ghost. An actual ghost.

I shook violently, the men trying to get through to me. Tears were streaming down my face as I hugged myself tightly. The taller man took my hand, causing me to look up. My brown eyes met his bright green ones slowly. "I'm Sam Winchester, this is my brother Dean. What's your name?" He asked, his face concerned. "A-ashley Williams." My voice trembled. "We're gonna take care of you, okay? Sammy here is gonna take you to our motel and calm you down. I will stay here and do what I need to, okay?" Dean reassured me. Still shaking, I nodded slightly.

## Chapter 2 by JT



"That was the last bullet." Sam whispered.

"You've got to be kidding me."

"You don't happen to have any salt nearby?" Sam turned to face me as I raised my quivering

finger in the direction of the kitchen. His tarnished boots swiftly tread against the cold tiled floor. For a man of such stature, he was surprisingly light.

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"Salt?" I questioned, my brow furrowed. He nodded. "I'll get it." He reached my cheek and somehow, I don't think pouring salt into my wound will assist in any way."

"Salt slows down all sorts of creatures, including our friend here, Mr Ghost." Dean cocked his shotgun and furrowed his brow, searching for any indication of immediate threat. "Usually we would carry more than a few salted shotgun shells with us but we -"

"We got a little sidetracked." Sam interjected, returning from his little venture, throwing the salt shaker to his brother. "Ashley, we need to leave now."

Nodding in surmise, I lifted my right hand from the gaping laceration on my cheek. Sickly crimson blood trickled down my face. "That's going to need a few stitches," Dean remarked.

A clanging noise shot straight through my ears, sending my head pounding. A ghastly wail reverberated through the thin plaster walls. Sam and Dean positioned their feet, ready for conflict. Yet, they were too far away when an apparition appeared before me. Its gaunt soulless eyes peered directly into mine.

### Chapter 3 by Madalyn IsAlive



I froze where I stood, breathing heavily, blood still dripping from my face. The apparition gazed at me for a good few seconds before turning to the brothers and wailing loudly. "Ashley! Look out!" Dean shouts before Sam tackles me to the ground in a protective bear hug. The salt is thrown at the spirit and it disappears.

"Sam! Get her out of here!" Dean shouts, "I'll take care of Moaning Myrtle."

### Chapter 4 by Tori Clifton



I froze in my place, fear consuming me. Sam tugged on my arm, glancing around for the spirit. "Ashley, we have to leave. We need to go now!" He exclaimed, pulling harder. I shook my head, snapping out of my gaze. I met Sam's eyes, fright etched into my face. He tugged once more, causing me to finally follow.

He held onto my hand as we ran out the door. Dean's frustrated shouts, faded as we got farther from my house.

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Sam and I rushed to the black car and got in as fast as we could. We both breathed heavily, sweat dripping from our foreheads. "Casper, the Not-So-Friendly ghost," I panted, "I can't believe you're here!" He chuckled breathlessly.

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